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AN EASIER HILL TO TACKLE THAN SAN JUAN.

VERY PECULIAR.

THE TRAGEDIAN.—Is n't it fine, Norah?

THE CHAMBERMAID.—Bedad, it is, sorr. To think yez can shpake pieces like thot an' can't pay your board!

HOW IT WAS.

"It was this way," said Aunt Flatfoot, a village dame, worthy of all respect and endowed with unusual width betwixt the eyes. "For seven years I fellershipped with the W. C. T. U., and indorsed, advocated and abetted their warfare against the Rum Demon; but there came a time when—Well, I believe that even a good thing can be run into the ground if pushed too hard, and so, when the Union learned that some kinds of French Champagne were made from apple-cores and decided in executive session that thereafter, to be consistent, we must eat our apples, cores and all, I was obliged to quietly withdraw from the organization in order to preserve my digestion, and, incidentally, if I must say it, my self-respect."

THE RESULT.

"Oh, yes! I remember the affair! Must be thirty years ago. He said it was Platonic."

"Yes. They have lovely grandchildren."

THE BIGGEST OF ALL.

"The biggest skyrocket that ever I seen," said honest old Farmer Buckover, who was sarcastic at times and ungrammatical all the while, "went up with a whizz and a zipp and a hooraw, and came down again all busted up the back; and it had a tag tied to its tail labeled 'William Jennings Bryan.'"

NURSERY NOTES.

Nothing will do Beet Sugar, the baby, but he must be walked all the time.

But, if Beet Sugar is walked, Cane Sugar's nose is broken.

Babies are such a trial!

THE WIFE.

At her husband's first half-smothered hiccough,
Her ears she is likely to priccough;
Then his breath she will sniff, and he 's dead-lucky if
She does n't a rousing row kiccough.

THE HOT air treatment for Trusts has had an extended trial but the results have not been particularly encouraging.

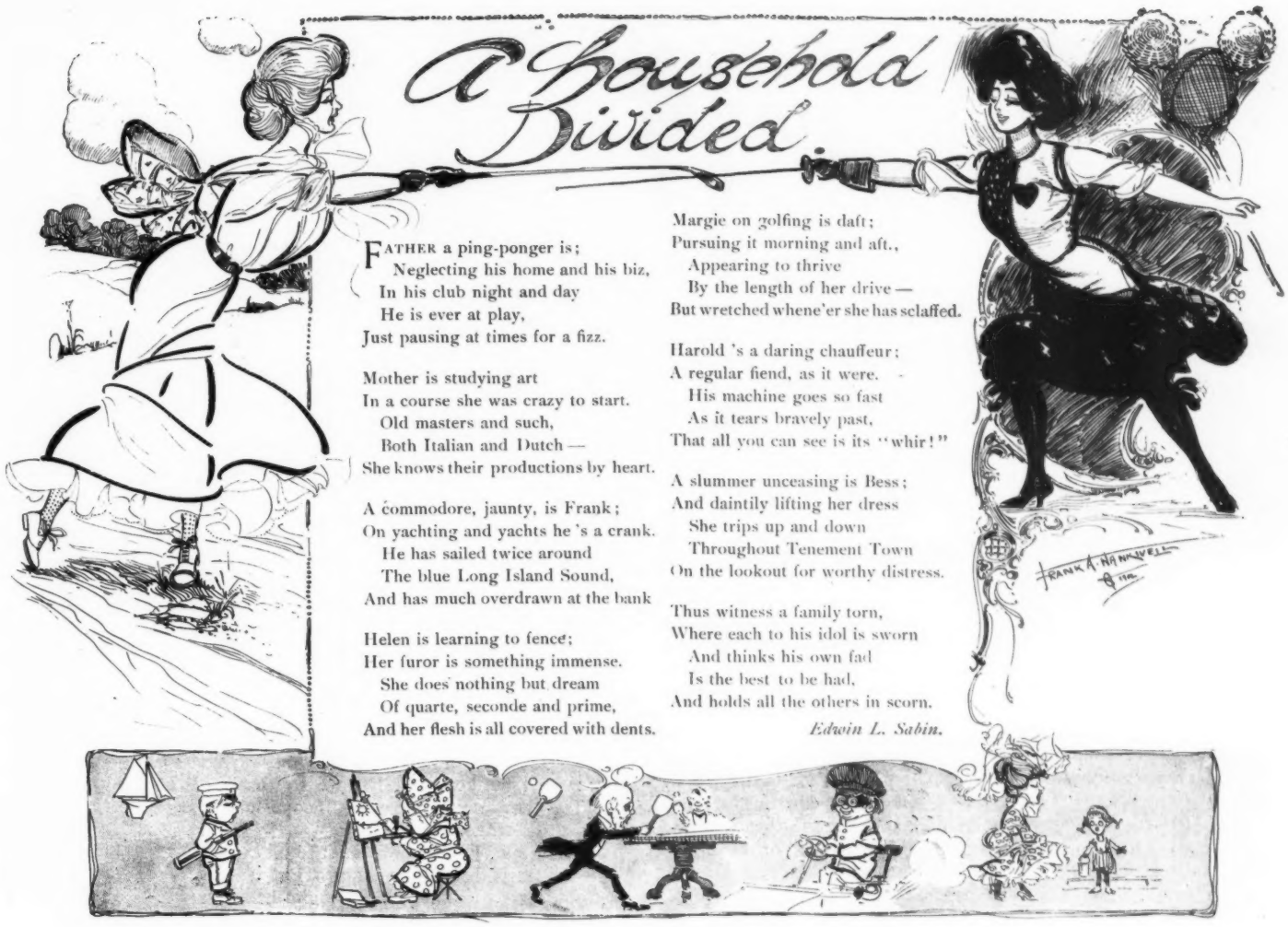
DELUSIVE.

I.

THE PARROT.—What a lovely hat you have on—it 's trimmed so beautifully!

II.

THE COCKATOO.—Oh, thanks!



FATHER a ping-ponger is;
Neglecting his home and his biz,
In his club night and day
He is ever at play,
Just pausing at times for a fizz.

Mother is studying art
In a course she was crazy to start.
Old masters and such,
Both Italian and Dutch —
She knows their productions by heart.

A commodore, jaunty, is Frank;
On yachting and yachts he 's a crank.
He has sailed twice around
The blue Long Island Sound,
And has much overdrawn at the bank

Helen is learning to fence;
Her furor is something immense.
She does nothing but dream
Of quarte, seconde and prime,
And her flesh is all covered with dents.

Margie on golfing is daft;
Pursuing it morning and aft.,
Appearing to thrive
By the length of her drive —
But wretched whene'er she has sclaffed.

Harold 's a daring chauffeur;
A regular fiend, as it were.
His machine goes so fast
As it tears bravely past,
That all you can see is its "whir!"

A slummer unceasing is Bess;
And daintily lifting her dress
She trips up and down
Throughout Tenement Town
On the lookout for worthy distress.

Thus witness a family torn,
Where each to his idol is sworn
And thinks his own fad
Is the best to be had,
And holds all the others in scorn.

Edwin L. Sabin.

OUR PRIMER LESSON.

See the Fish! Is it a big Fish? Yes; it is the biggest Fish that was ever pulled out of the Brook. Did a Man catch it? Yes; a man caught it. He landed it; and, because it did not get away, he dropped dead from Surprise and Heart Disease. From this we should Learn that big Fishes are only to be lied about and not caught.

THE SORROW we drown to-night turns up as a very disgusting floater in the morning.

EVERY THINKING girl understands that a mere smack is not a courtship, these days, whatever it may have been formerly.

TO FEW women are sackcloth and ashes genuinely becoming. That is to say, it is not given to many to mortify the flesh and their lady enemies simultaneously.

A CONJECTURE.

THE BOY.— I know the place. They don't have many boarders.
THE MAN.— How is that?
THE BOY.— Well, I s'pose they don't feed 'em like you seem to git fed!

HOW IT HAPPENED.

"What is the matter with Constable Slow?" asked the washing-machine agent, who visited Pettyville often enough to be mildly interested in the affairs of the hamlet.

"He 's sufferin' from accidental discharge of his duty," replied the landlord of the tavern. "He thought the fight was just a friendly scuffle and got into it before he discovered the difference. Then, of course, he had to arrest all parties concerned, and the unaccustomed exercise sort of over-het him."

IT TAKES two to commit matrimony, whereas one may go in for a career.

MONEY IS sought only as a means to an end which nobody has ever yet attained by this means.

Advice would be an awful thing if it were not for the fact that we can take it or leave it.

IRON-HAND THE BOY USHER

A Story of the Stage, the Subway and the Shops.

Chapter I.

TEARING DOWN THE TENDERLOIN.

IT WAS THE year 1902. Like a devil-fish stretching forth its tentacles to seize, subjugate and devour, the Department Store Octopus was invading the Tenderloin.

Theatre after theatre it had seized and destroyed and on their ruins was erecting mammoth emporiums for the selling of goods below cost, as advertised.

In vain the theatrical syndicate had fought the bargain demon. Every method that could be thought of had been tried.

In every one of the sixteen theatres that yet remained the syndicate had put on for a run a musical comedy, with the popular plot that the public loved so well, of an impoverished monarch, silly and senile, who sang topical songs with verses about Tammany Hall, soft-coal smoke, mothers-in-law, the canal across the Isthmus, ping-pong and other standard incentitive subjects to mirth, all with the refrain, "When the New York Club Wins at Base-ball!"

In vain souvenirs made of the very best quality of pasteboard and tinfoil had been given away; in vain the legend, "TICKETS PURCHASED ON THE SIDEWALK WILL BE POSITIVELY REFUSED AT THE DOOR!" had been flaunted in the public eye, in letters six feet high. One after another, the theatres, after long suffering from anæmia of attendance and falling off of the box office receipts, were forced to close their doors, were seized by the sheriff, bought in by the Department Store Trust and turned into bargain bazars.

Finally but seven theatres were left on Broadway in which musical comedies by Gagger and Shine were running. The theatrical syndicate was in despair. In imagination it saw Broadway, from one end to another, a solid mass of drygood stores and not one theatre.

What could be the reason? For ten years past had not the public been faithfully served with musical comedies? No imposition had ever been practiced; audiences had never been asked to worry themselves by following a plot, or to listen to a joke or musical note that was not an old, old favorite. And then, too, every show had had an impecunious king, squeaky and senile, who sang topical songs with verses about Tammany Hall, soft-coal smoke, mothers-in-law, the canal across the Isthmus, ping-pong, and always the refrain, "When the New York Club Wins at Base-ball!"

Such was the condition of affairs when one day a young man walked into the office of Hoganheimer & O'Cohen, the heads of the theatrical syndicate.

There was something remarkable about this young man that all whom he passed turned to look after him, hardly believing their eyes. He was not wearing a Panama hat!

Chapter II.

THE MAN AND THE HOUR.

"And so you think you can save us?"

There was a sneer in the voice of the great Hoganheimer, head of the theatrical trust, as he spoke the words.

The young man who stood before him bowed.

"I suppose you are some newspaper guy who thinks he can write?" continued the Hoganheimer. "Well, it's no use fer any of youse to try to butt in. We've signed a contract with Gagger and Shine to write all our musical comedies for ten years at the rate of two a week. Gagger is now in a sanitarium, where he has nothing to disturb him; and Shine can fix the music as fast as Gagger writes the lyrics."

"I am not so foolish as to think it worth while to give the public what it wants," said the young man. "I am not here to show you the work of my hands; instead, I want to show you the hands of my work!"

As he said the words he brought out from the depths of his capacious pockets two hands of such prodigious size and of such hardness that when he struck them smartly together it sounded like a pneumatic riveter getting busy on a skyscraper skeleton.

For once in his life a gleam of intelligence shone in the eye of Hoganheimer.

"Yes! You shall be head usher!" he said. "And your name?"

"They call me 'Iron Hand,'" said our hero, proudly.

Chapter III.

THE MAN AND THE MAID.

"Ladies must remove their hats!"

It was Iron Hand, the Boy Usher, who spoke. The fair girl whom he addressed blushed furiously.

Flora Finnegan well knew the rules of the house, but she kept her hat on so that it would be necessary for the usher to come and ask her to remove it.

Flora Finnegan was a matinée girl. She never missed a performance. But it was not actor worship that brought her there. She was in love with Iron Hand, the Boy Usher.

And, mark you, the Finnegans were a family that made a noise in the world. For generations they had been contractors. Even now Flora Finnegan's father had the biggest slice of the subway.

Again the eyes of Flora and Iron Hand had met. Both flushed, and then the boy usher hastily retreated to the back of the theatre.

Love had not made him a coward; but business is business, and the musical comedy monarch, King Squeegee, had just finished the topical verse about Tammany Hall. Iron Hand must furnish the uproarious applause that would bring him back to sing the verse about soft-coal smoke, the verse about mothers-in-law, the verse about the canal across the Isthmus, the verse about ping-pong, winding up each with the screaming line that all would be innocuous "When the New York Club Wins at Base-ball!"

Chapter IV.

THE TOOL OF THE TRUST.

"By Heavens! We are being baffled!"

These words were uttered by a large, well-dressed man of sinister aspect. It was Hammerton Knox, the villainous real estate agent, who worked hand in glove with the Department Store Trust.

It was his duty to buy in the bankrupt theatres at sheriff sales, convey them to the bargain octopus, which tore them down and erected skyscraper stores on their sites.

Since Burnupski's Bazar had moved uptown every store on Sixth Avenue was clamoring to buy a Broadway theatre and turn it into a shoppers' paradise.

Until recently Hammerton Knox had been able to supply the demand. But now his business was at a standstill. Every theatre left on Broadway was doing excellently. There were twenty-seven encores to a scene, while as for the great topical song "When the New York Club Wins at Base-ball!" the applause was simply deafening after every verse. So much was this so that Gagger, the author

(Continued on 10th page.)

MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE.

"I know who he is. He wuz married to Lucy Johnson."
"Oh! Dat marriage did n't turn out good, did it?"
"Oh, it wa'n't so bad. He 's payin' her fo' dollahs a week al'mony."

PACKING.

WHEN ALICE has decided
To summer at the shore,
Her wardrobe must be tidied—
She buys a drygoods store!
And when there 's nothing lacking,
Her trunks are brought to light,
And she 's packing, packing, packing,
From morning until night.

She breakfasts now at seven;
Then to her task she flies;
Her trunks they are eleven,
Of goodly depth and size.
Hats, shoes, books, notions, dresses,
Are piled in great array;
She folds and pats and presses,
And fills tray after tray.

The days slip by uncounted
While she is toiling on;
But when her task 's surmounted
The Summer 's almost gone.
And so her trip 's prevented:
Her friends have all come back;
But she is quite contented—
'T was so much fun to pack.

Frank Roe Batchelder.

HIS INQUIRY.

MRS. HENNYPECK *(in the midst of her reading).*—Men are killing their wives entirely too often, these days!

MR. HENNYPECK *(meekly).*—True, my dear; but—er-h'm!—how often, in your opinion, should a man kill his wife?

IF THE phonetic spelling cranks were really after big game they would tackle French.

JUST SO.

MAFFIT.—Is there any good substitute for rubber?

HARDING.—Well, a pair of opera glasses do fairly well at times.

HIS FOURTEENTH QUESTION.

LITTLE CLARENCE *(with a rising inflection).*—Pa?

MR. CALLIPERS *(wearily).*—Uh?

LITTLE CLARENCE.—Pa, what is a perch?

MR. CALLIPERS.—Something to come down from.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

ISAACS.—Dis young fellow comes to me undt says, "I haf not a tollar in de vorldt!"

COHENSTEIN.—Did you help him?

ISAACS.—Sure;—mit advice! I say, "Young man, you choost hustle undt maig a lot uv money undt it vill be vun of der bleasures of your life ven you gan say, 'Vunce I had not a tollar in der vorldt!'"

WAYS AND MEANS.

D. WOLFE GRASSHOPPER.—Good-morning, Mr. Bee! I 'm on my way to the Grasshoppers' Convention.

B. Z. BEE.—The Grasshoppers' Convention?

D. WOLFE GRASSHOPPER.—Yes! About seventeen million of us are going to meet and consider how we can make ourselves a nuisance to the farmer.

BREAKFAST-TABLE CHAT.

ALICE *(finding a roll of bills under her plate).*—You were out awfully late, Arthur. Is this conscience money?

ARTHUR *(timidly, from behind his newspaper).*—No, my dear;—hush money!

HIGHER EDUCATION.

"You must have done somethin' to her!"
"Well, somebody 's got to teach kids not to git fresh!"
"They have, eh? Well, I 'll bet your mother 'll teach you not to git too fresh about teachin'!"

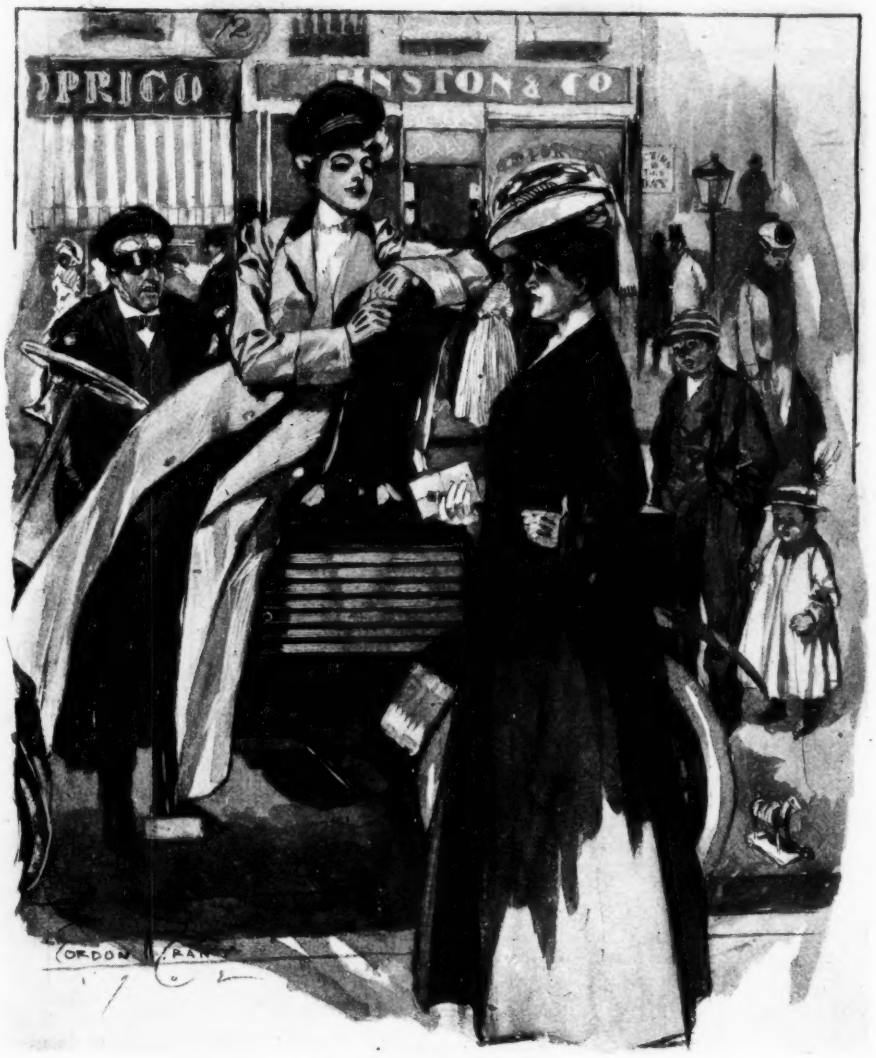
We might possibly have a better class of prominent citizens if it were not such a nuisance to be one.

HIS POSITION.

"I DON'T, AS A rule," said the Old Codger, in his usual grim way, "give up much money to send missionaries to the heathen. One reason is that I have n't anything in particular against the heathen; and another is that they have a habit of bein' so portly and double-chinned and pompous that I can't seem to have as much confidence in their sincerity as I suppose I ort to, and of gittin' into trouble and costin' us so much to git 'em out that it sorter takes the wire-edge off'm our sympathy; and, then, in order to heap coals of fire on our heads, as it were, they go around lecturin' about it — I mean, the missionaries do, and are, all this, not the heathen; the heathen ain't so heathenish mean as all that, if you 'll just excuse my bluntness.

"So, as I remarked, I don't dig up very lavishly for the benefit of the missionaries; but I 'll tell you what I 'd like to do: About three years ago there was a widower here with dyed whiskers, five uncurried children, the dyspepsia, and an old-maid sister with elocutionary talent and the nervous flitters, on his hands, who married a widow with six children, a belief in Christian Science, and a bachelor brother who was too strong to work and thought the poor were growin' poorer and the rich growin' fatter every day of the world. The widower shouldered the whole combination and moved away with 'em soon after the weddin'. I don't know where they are now, but I 'd cheerfully contribute five dollars to a fund for sendin' a sort of joint explorin' and relief expedition off to find 'em and let us know how they are gittin' along; and if by any chance they are dwellin' together in unity, to bring back and have printed for general circulation the formula they have followed for preservin' the peace."

Tom P. Morgan.



AN INTERPRETATION.

"Why, I understand the automobile perfectly."

"I suppose you mean that when it breaks down you 're able to explain why."

DANGERS OF THE SEASON.

MADGE.— Charley and Dolly had a breakdown last night.

MARJORIE.— Auto or hammock?

A SPECIAL OCCASION.

THE VICTIM.— Goldarn it!

THE SPECTATOR.— Well, 't ain't often ye hear one quoit player cussin' becuz the other feller makes a bad pitch!

A WISE BOY.

JIMMY.— What made you kick when your paw told you to sprinkle the lawn? Don't you like to do it?

WILLY.— Sure I do; but if Paw knowed that he would n't let me!

NE PLUS ULTRA.

"Yes, Nibbles was at the stag racket. Managed to get away from his wife for once!"

"She watches him like a cat watches a mouse, does n't she?"

"She watches him like a mouse watches a cat!"

AT CONEY ISLAND.

THE BATHER. — I suppose you have saved a good many lives?

THE LIFE-SAVER. — Well, I should remark! Why, I was clerking in a drug-store at Asbury Park, all last Summer!

NO KNOCKERS.

HOGAN.— There 's no use talkin', Moike; th' saloon do be th' poor man's club.

DORSEY.— 'T is that; — wid th' advantage that a poor man seekin' mimbership gits high-balled, inshtid av black-balled.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

MODEST MEN AND OTHERS.

THAT PRELUDE to a presidential campaign, the overture of denial, is now to be distinctly heard. The list of gentlemen, who "politely but firmly decline a nomination," is gradually growing. The era of the second guess has yet to arrive. Senator Hanna, Republican, kindly insists that he is not to be considered. Richard Olney, Democrat, frowns darkly whenever the nomination is mentioned, while Grover Cleveland reiterates again and again that his retirement is final. Not so Colonel Bryan and David Bennett Hill. Colonel Bryan's modesty forbids him to seek once more the presidency but with praiseworthy tact and ingenuity, he has eliminated all other candidates from the field and left but one logical survivor, William Jennings Bryan. A prettier demonstration than that not even Euclid himself could have invented. As for Hill, he is silent; and a silent man is always an uncertain quantity. When Hill talks, Colonel Bryan says he "conceals his real purpose in ambiguous language," and perhaps, in view of this fact, it is just as well that he keeps quiet. We have enough to worry us as it is in Colonel Bryan's bad breaks without being additionally burdened by Hill's ambiguity. To sum up, therefore, the Democratic stock in trade is Olney's frigidity, Cleveland's rigidity, Bryan's asininity and Hill's ambiguity; a rare combination of political ingredients. Pitted against them, we find President Roosevelt's strenuity. Consequently, we refuse to make prophecies.

ONCE MORE THE WICKED ARMY.

HOLLOW RUMBLINGS, varied by violent detonations and showers of sackcloth and ashes, informed us recently of another eruption by the enemies of the army. Severe though the outburst proved to be, the army thus far has submitted no list of injured. The industry of the Anti-Imperialist is exceptional. His favorite maxim seems to be: If at first you don't succeed in wrecking the army, try, try again. As usual, he offered for official inspection a choice line of proofs, ranging all the way from kidnapping evidence to murder. In fact, his stock of Philippine curios seems inexhaustible. Time works marvelous changes, but changes in the mind of the Anti-Imperialist would be marvelous, indeed. He is still unaware apparently that the war is over. The establishment of civil government at Manila, with liberal laws, he likewise depreciates. Administration plans for the Philippines interest him not. His solitary hobby is the army, that body of wicked men. Under ordinary circumstances, even the army would escape his notice, but at present it serves well an Anti-Imperialist purpose. It permits itself to be periodically "disclosed." As a reward for his unselfish labors, for his faithful slanders, the Anti-Imperialist craves but a modest boon. Admit that he is right. Admit that the war is still in progress; that Aguinaldo is a martyr; that Governor Taft is a grafter; that civil government is a sham; admit all these things and then abandon the Philippines at once. This is our national itinerary as arranged by the Anti-Imperialist. The army is merely a means to an end. This having been settled, what we need next, and urgently, is a means to an end of the Anti-Imperialist.

REFORM WHERE LEAST EXPECTED.

SECRETARY SHAW is a daring man. He has tampered with the sacred tariff. Hereafter every tourist, returning from abroad, may bring in with him one hundred dollars' worth of foreign purchases, not necessarily wearing apparel, on which no duty need be paid. In the past, apparel only was exempt. Thus far the secretary's common-sense policy has elicited only warm approval, but we fear, notwithstanding, that it has occasioned much distress among the baggage examiners. No doubt the latter will find it extremely difficult, when the personally-conducted parties get back from Europe, to permit a French souvenir spoon or a toy bagpipe from Glasgow to pass unmolested off the pier. Pernicious free trade! To their loyal, uncorrupt minds, the proper course, on discovery of the trinkets, would be to call the appraiser in a loud voice and hint broadly that the spoon and the bagpipe were not included in the passenger's declaration. The appraiser solemnly decides on arriving that neither the spoon nor the bagpipe is an article of apparel and, having so ruled, he turns on the full current of the Dingley tariff. Among examiners it has been a diverting Summer amusement to take a passenger's sworn declaration and then, on the accepted theory that all passengers are perjurers, go through his baggage to prove it. After such an experience, the returned tourist knows precisely how Cuba felt during the last session of Congress: rained by duties. He will appreciate the change. Thanks, Mr. Secretary, in the name of the Summer Voyager!

TO MEET THE DEMAND.

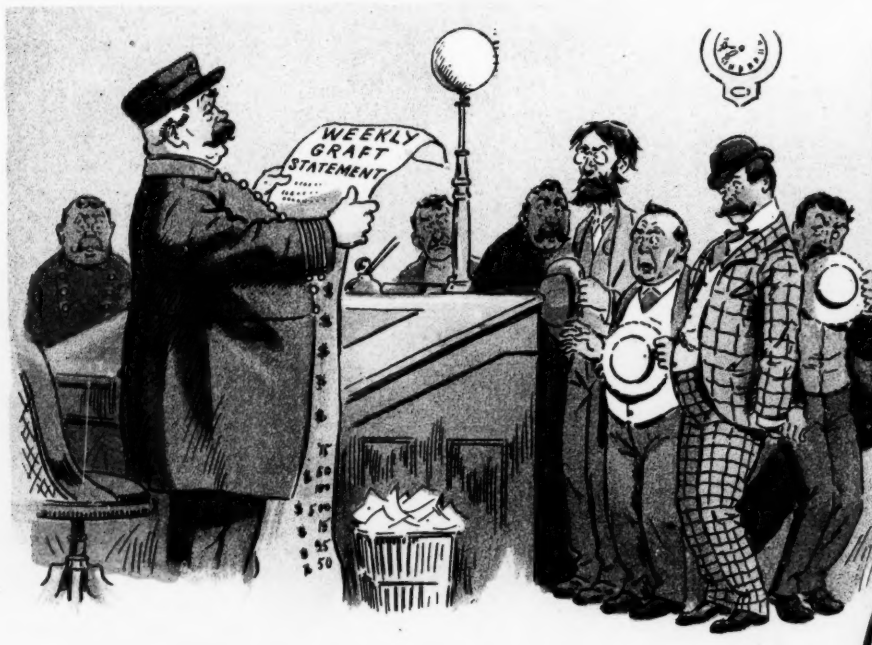
COAL MAGNATE.—But there are a number of statesmen eager to throw down the gauntlet to the Trusts.

BEEF MAGNATE.—Yes, indeed! Strikes me we might organize a Trust to supply those statesmen with the necessary gauntlets.

THE PROHIBITIONISTS find it uphill work trying to make the hewers of wood drinkers of water.

TIME TO GO.

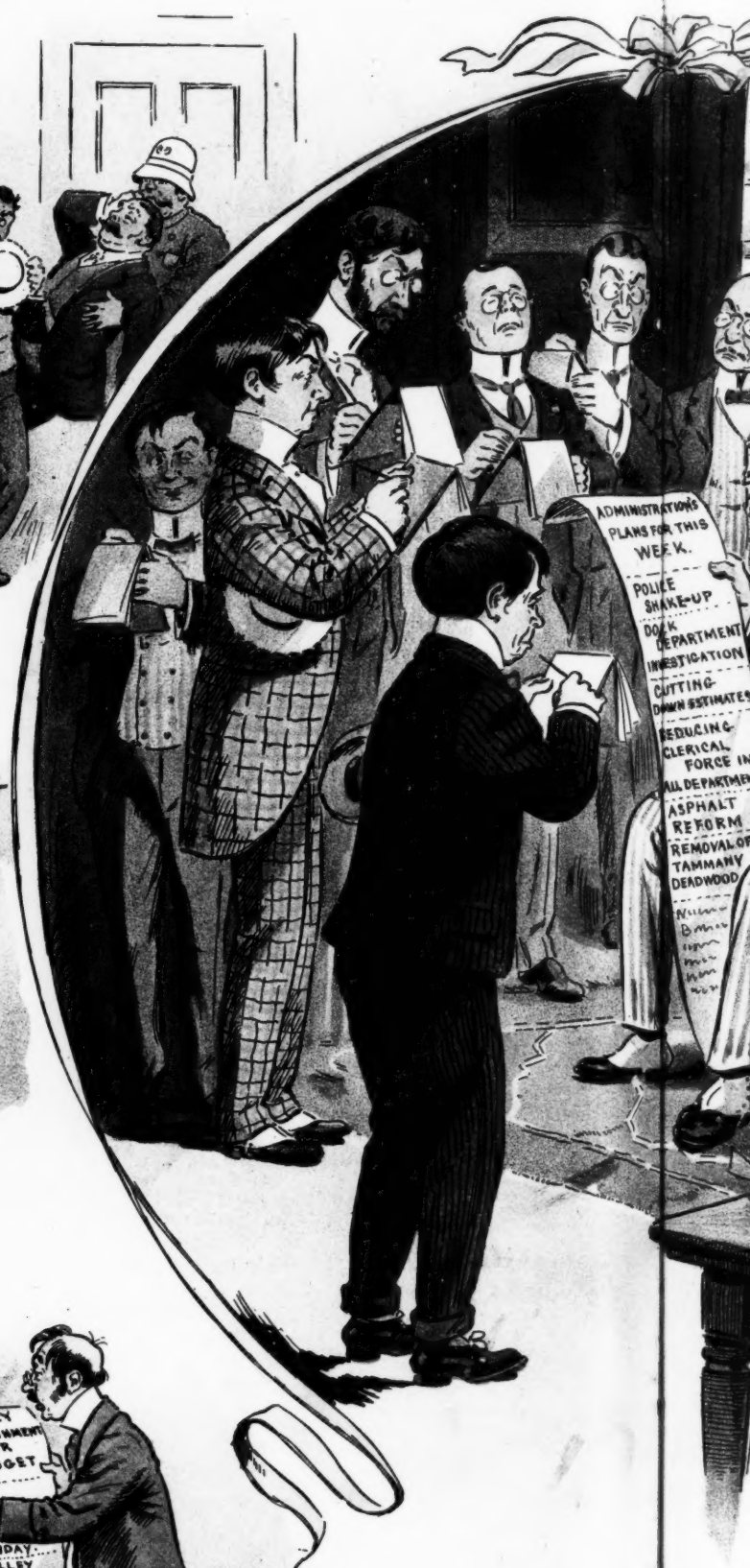
PEARL DERBY.—Why did you leave that health resort?
ANISEED BAGGS.—Why, invalids began coming there.



The public would appreciate weekly candor on the part of the much maligned police captains.

As a means of preserving the family reputation, the new system would prove invaluable when Mr. Henpeck goes to town.

Properly employed in the suburbs, it would doubtless do much to simplify the vexatious servant girl problem.



MAYOR LOW'S INFORMATION BUREA
He takes the public into his confidence by a weekly statement.

J.OTTMANN LITH.CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

MAYOR LOW'S NOVEL PLAN AND I'

In the great American boarding-house, however, the system would undergo no change.

In the Cuban tariff war, the Congressional policy might be suitably engrossed to save weekly repetition.

Automobilists would save themselves much annoyance and delay by following the general example.

INFORMATION BUREAU.
into his confidence by means of

AN AND ITS GREAT POSSIBILITIES.

IRON HAND, THE BOY USHER.

(Continued from 4th page.)

of all the librettos used on Broadway, had to write another topical verse about a fat woman donning a flimsy bathing suit, to follow the verses about Tammany Hall, soft-coal smoke, mothers-in-law, the canal across the Isthmus and ping-pong, which would wind up with the screamingly funny conclusion that the fat lady said she 'd go in the surf again "When the New York Club Wins at Base-ball!"

Hammerton Knox looked for a cause and found it in Iron Hand, the Boy Usher.

As all the theatres remaining on Broadway were close together the savior of the syndicate could hurriedly run from one to another to applaud at the right time.

Chapter V.

IN THE TOILS.

"Come along, old fellow, and have an orange phosphate with me!"

As Hammerton Knox says the words he flashes a roll of bills, as if he could add, "and I could buy you a pack of cigarettes, too, if I chose."

For a moment Iron Hand hesitated. He knew that he had no time for dissipation, for to-morrow night was the crucial test. A new musical comedy by Gagger and Shine was to be produced. Iron Hand had been at the rehearsals and he realized that only he could save it. For, beside a decrepit and impecunious monarch with a squeaky voice, it contained the story of a beggar maid who was the real heiress.

Seeing him hesitate, Hammerton Knox, with an assumed heartiness, said: "Come! One orange phosphate will not hurt you!"

Alas! It is always just one!

As they stood in the confectioner's, Hammerton Knox called our hero's attention to a machine in the window which tirelessly pulled taffy by the hour as its arms went round and round, to the admiration of every rural visitor who struck Broadway and came to anchor for the rest of the day before the show window.

"What do you think of that?" inquired the crafty Knox.

"It 's on the hog," said our hero, curtly; "it never gets a hand!"

Pardon him if he talks shop, gentle reader, but he only lived for his art, and the applause that followed as he led was sweet to him.

He does not note that as he coldly watches the taffy machine at work, Hammerton Knox is doping his drink!

Chapter VI.

THE FATEFUL DAY.

Blinking in the sun, staggering and weak from the effects of the drug, Iron Hand emerges from the Turkish bath where he has been unconscious; where, the attendant bribed, his hands for twenty-four hours have been soaking in vitriol; and now they hang by his side, as white and soft as a woman's!

So far as his life-work is concerned, the Boy Usher, Iron Hand no more, is a hopeless cripple.

Oh, Fudge! Oh, Fury! The villainous machinations of Hammerton Knox have succeeded only too well!

Iron Hand, for we will still call him so, dazed and heartbroken, totters on his way, sobbing like a child, when suddenly he is aware of Flora Finnegan standing before him, waving a red flag.

"Stop!" she cries. "The blast is about to go off! Your life is in peril if you make another step."

"My life is already blasted, I do not care," he answers.

But Flora seizes him and holds him back, just as, with a roar and a quaking of the earth, the last three houses left standing on Forty-second Street tumble over into the subway.

"How fortunate I came down here this afternoon to help Papa, instead of going to a matinée!" she says, as she gazes shyly down at her dainty overalls.

"Better to have let me die!" he moans.

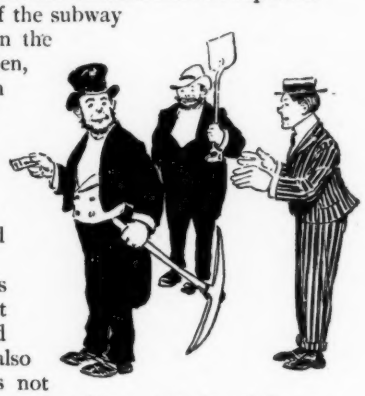
And then he tells her of the deadly plot of Hammerton Knox to which he has fallen victim.

"Courage!" she says. "I will save you! Go hire a thousand dress suits!"

Chapter VII.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF DRAMATIC ART.

When the night shift of one thousand stalwart navvies reported for work on the Finnegan section of the subway that night they were ordered to don the dress suits ready for them. And then, with picks, shovels, crowbars, steam drills and dynamite, they took their seats in the back of the orchestra circle and the galleries the night the new musical comedy by Gagger and Shine was produced at the biggest theatre the syndicate owned on Broadway.



"Remember, men," was Flora's warning, "you get paid for this at time-and-a-half, because you will find it hard work to sit through it. And also remember that the man who does not work his steam drill, rattle his pick against his mate's shovel, hammer the floor with his crowbar, or set off his dynamite, as the case may be, at the signal from this young man here, and stop when he signals again, will be docked a day and fired!"

* * *

So began the downfall of Hammerton Knox; his foul plot reacted upon his own head.

Thanks to the industry of the tireless subway workmen, the new musical comedy by Gagger and Shine was a bigger hit than "Zaza."

The topical song by the merry old hard-up ruler, "King Gazoo," simply set the house wild with enthusiasm.

There were verses about the New York Base-ball Club, Tammany Hall, soft-coal smoke, mothers-in-law and ping-pong, all ending with the refrain, "When They Dig the Isthmus Canal!"

Taking a hint from his success that night, Iron Hand made an arrangement with Flora's father by which he sublet the subway workmen on the night shift and their tools and implements on the night of every new production, and from that day on there was never a theatrical failure on Broadway.

Iron Hand has married Flora and he is now the richest applause contractor in New York. Through him the syndicate is prospering, and if you will walk on Broadway you will see them tearing down department stores to build up theatres.

As for Hammerton Knox he drags out a wretched existence in New Jersey, a fugitive from the wrath of Iron Hand, the Boy Usher.

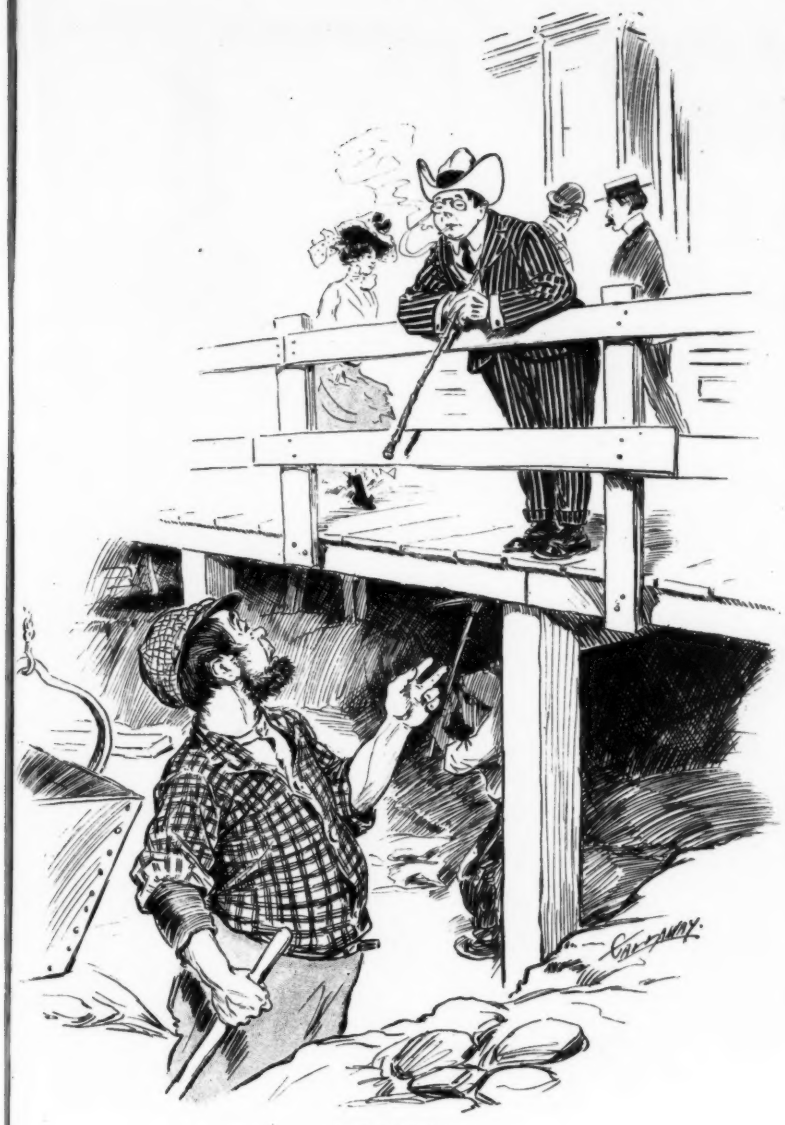
Roy L. McCardell.

HIS INFORMATION.

"You 'll find the place about a mile further along."

"Goodness! That 's a long way!"

"Well, I 've heard of some boarders wishin' it a durn sight further."



PROGRESS.

"It will be a great saving of time, traveling by tunnel when it 's finished, Pat."

"Faith, it will! Thim that has nothin' to do but kill toime 'll have more av it to kill than iver!"

CAUTIOUS.

TOURIST *(in Red Gore, Arizona).*— Has Andrew Carnegie offered this town a library?

LANDLORD *(of the Monte Carlo café, fiercely).*—That 's just what he did; but he took darn good care to make the offer by mail!

THE BEST OF REASONS.

ALDERMAN GRAFT.— Did the feller give ye any good reasons fer passin' this here measure?

ALDERMAN LOOT.— Sure he did! They wuz certified.

CHRISTIAN.

"My husband's health is wretched."

"Why don't you try Christian Science?"

"Christian Science?"

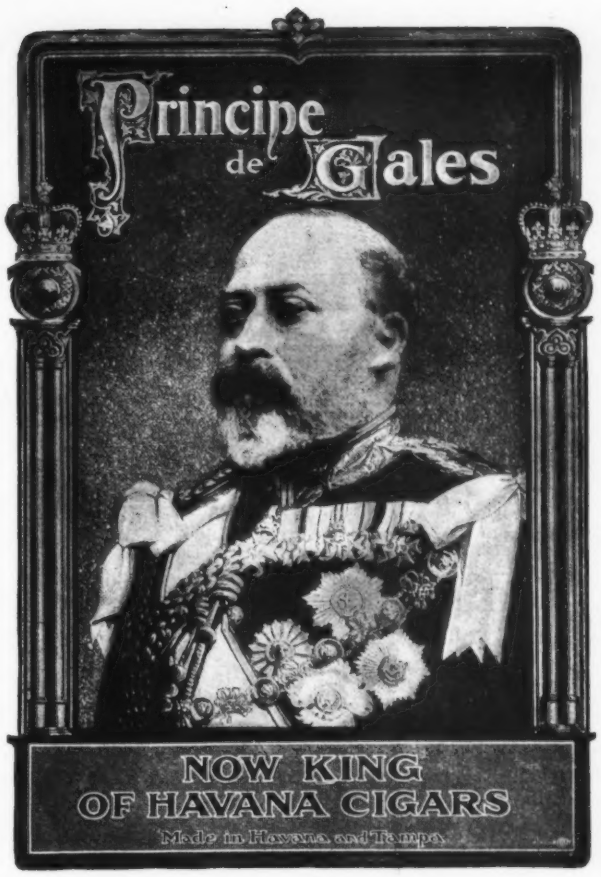
"Yes; the kind they teach at a first-class cooking-school."

TESTIMONIAL.

"I was so weak and poorly," writes Mrs. Jane Slocum, of Slocum's Point, N. H., that I had to do all my own housework; but after taking your wonderful remedies for one month I am now able to keep a hired girl all the time without fatigue."

IT IS no wonder that the Prohibitionists do not prosper. Just think what would become of the Republican and Democratic papers if nobody ever treated the crowd!

The August Number of the "Four-Track News," published by the New York Central Railroad, is thoroughly typical of the month which it represents. In fact, the News, from a modest beginning, has expanded into a very readable magazine. The current issue is seasonable both as to reading matter and illustrations. It contains, among other contributions, an article descriptive of Lake George, and an attractive page or two entitled, "Hunting with an Opera Glass," in the Adirondack Region. In addition, there are articles and anecdotes on fishing, hunting and Hudson River scenery, the aggregate of which makes a pleasing Summer book.



THE TRUE SITUATION.

"Is that man still a leader of his party?"

"Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "he 's doing his best to make people think he is; but, as a matter of fact, he is simply hustling to keep his party from running over him."—*Washington Star.*

AND IT WENT BOOM!

"What 's that explosion in the front of the car?" asked the passenger on the rear seat.

"Nawthin' much," said the conductor. "Man just got hot in the collar."

"What 's that got to do with the explosion?"

"Everything. The collar was celluloid."—*Baltimore News.*

A SLANDER.

MRS. MUGGS.— That horrid Mrs. Frills told Mrs. Nextdoor that I was a regular old cat! What do you think of that?

MR. MUGGS.— I think she never saw you in the same room with a mouse. —*New York Weekly.*

THE candidate finds the thing is reversed
When he has established headquarters;
The knowledge comes then, to his great surprise,
He has to support his supporters.
—*Indianapolis News.*

No better Turkish Cigarette can be made

Egyptian Deities

Cork Tips as well

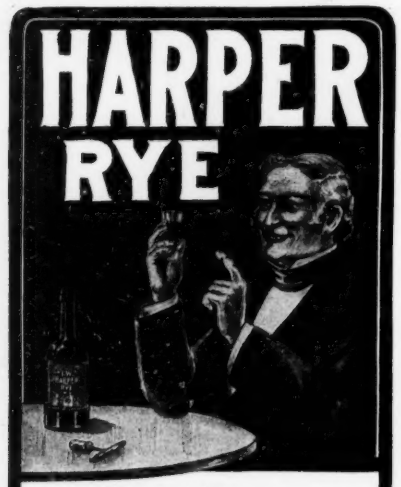
"THE SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor. 22d St. Only Salesroom in Greater New York.

ANYBODY who has ever employed a lawyer can give you lots of advice.—*Washington Democrat.*

HARPER RYE



UNSURPASSED AND UNSURPASSABLE

Famous at Home and Abroad

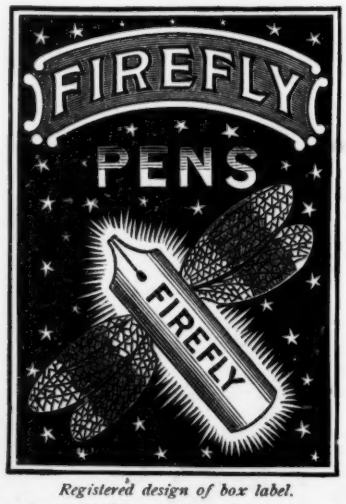
If local dealers cannot supply it, address the distillers,

BERNHEIM BROS., Louisville, Ky.

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."
—*Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.*

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.



Registered design of box label.

FIREFLY PENS are made of a new incorrodible metal—flexible as gold.

THEY GIVE CHARACTER TO ONE'S WRITING.

MANUFACTURED BY

ORMISTON & GLASS, LONDON.

CONTRACTORS TO H. M. GOVERNMENT.

Boxes 25 cts. *and* $1.00, *from all Stationers.*

H. BAINBRIDGE & CO., 99 William St., N. Y.

SOLE AGENTS FOR UNITED STATES.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

MEMORY NOT TAXED.

FRIEND.—Don't you have difficulty remembering the streets where passengers want to get off?

STREET-CAR CONDUCTOR.—Not at all. The only ones who mention their destination are women, and they always select fashionable corners and walk the rest of the way.—*New York Weekly.*

"MANY a man," said Uncle Eben, "imagines he hab a high-strung, sensitive nature, when he ain' got nuffin' but dyspepsia."—*Washington Star.*

NO ACCIDENTS.

"What a lucky cuss Blinkers is!"

"How so?"

"Why, he 's had an 'auto' for a year without anybody hearing of it."

Bitters that benefit mind and body: Abbott's—The Original Angostura, build up wasted tissue, brighten up the mental, and make new men and women.

SWALLOWING ABILITIES.

JACK TAR.—Ye might n't believe it, but whales have a very small mouth.

LANDSMAN.—Yes; I 've heard they would n't even be able to swallow half the stories that are told about them.—*New York Weekly.*

"SEE that man going along with the bald head and a beard?" said the man in the door of the barber-shop. "He 's got a wonderful head for business."

"It 's a mighty poor one for my business," replied the tonsorial artist.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Keeley Cure

Alcohol, Opium, Drug Using.

The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at these KEELEY INSTITUTES. Communications confidential. Write for particulars.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.
BUFFALO, N. Y.
LEXINGTON, MASS.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
WEST HAVEN, CONN.

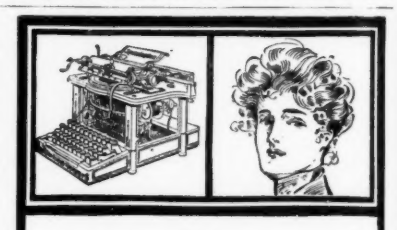
NO DINNER IS COMPLETE WITHOUT A GLASS OF

Chartreuse

—GREEN OR YELLOW—

THE ONLY CORDIAL MADE BY THE CARTHUSIAN MONKS OF FRANCE. IT HAS THE SIGNATURE L. GARNIER TWICE ON THE LABEL OF EACH BOTTLE.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés. Bätjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Sole Agents for United States.



The

Remington Typewriter

lasts longest—so does the Remington operator.

The Remington does not overwork the operator. The operator cannot overwork the Remington.

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT
(Remington Typewriter Company)
327 Broadway, New York

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT

Is not recommended for everything; but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. Sold by druggists everywhere in fifty cent and dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle of this great kidney remedy sent free by mail, also a pamphlet telling all about Swamp-Root and its great cures. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and say that you read this in PUCK.

Attractive Homes

Are made more delightful by using "Pittsburg Wall Papers." Consult your dealer and send for our book; mailed free.

The Pittsburg Wall Paper Co., New Brighton, Pa.

"How can I tell when to take these pills to-day, doctor? I don't carry a watch," said the patient at the physician's Sunday morning.

"Are you going to church to-day?" inquired the doctor.

"Oh, yes!"

"Well, take one pill at fourthly, one at seventhly, and one at tenthly."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Milo

The
Egyptian Cigarette of Quality

AROMATIC DELICACY
MILDNESS
PURITY

At your club or dealer's

A pure rye, 10 years old, aged by time, not artificially.

Trimble Whiskey Green Label.

Sole Proprietors, WHITE, HENTZ & CO., Phila. & New York. ESTABLISHED 1793.

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

BOKER'S BITTERS

In plain or sweetened Carbonic Waters makes a delicious Summer drink.

MONEY

not required.

FREE

for 2c. stamp to cover cost of mailing,

A wonderful puzzle,

"The Changing Faces"

What People Say About It:

"The most mysterious thing I ever saw, and very fitting that it should be distributed by the makers of the best shaving soaps in the world."

"The greatest puzzle of the century."

"A wonderful piece of ingenuity."

"Every one is mystified, and no one is able to see how the change is made."

Address Department 4

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.
GLASTONBURY, CONN

ENTITLED TO CREDIT.

"They 're growing beautifully."

"Well, I 'm glad of it. I 've put in so much work on them that they almost seem like artificial flowers."

UNPRECEDENTED.

MCPARRITCH.—Mon, its awfu'! McOats yonter's gang clean daft; aw seen him wi' ma ain e'e gi'e awa' saxpence tae a beggar-mon.

MACMEAL.—Be gox! He 's no daft; he 's followin' the evil eenequitous example set up by Carnegie, o' Skibo. What 's becomin' o' Bonnie Scotlan' at a', at a'!—*The Moon.*

CAUTIOUS.

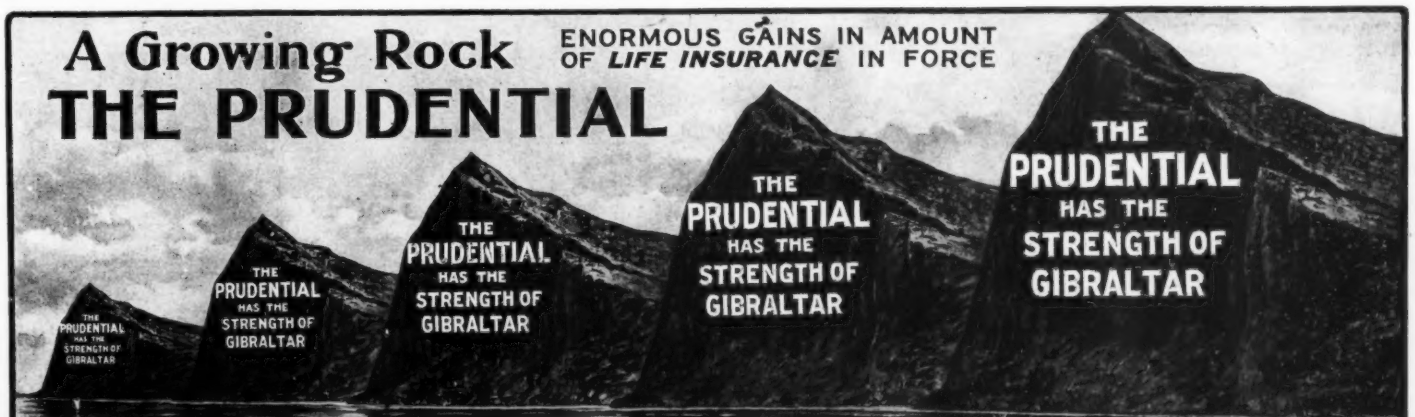
"Yes, continued the man-who-was-telling-the-story; "there was two of 'em, and they held me up at the point of revolvers and robbed me of my watch and every cent I had but a quarter."

"Why on earth did n't you call a policeman?" queried one of the audience.

"Did n't I tell you I only had a quarter left? I wanted to keep that for myself."—*Baltimore News.*

A Growing Rock THE PRUDENTIAL

ENORMOUS GAINS IN AMOUNT OF *LIFE INSURANCE* IN FORCE



THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA.

HOME OFFICE, NEWARK, N.J. *Write for Particulars of Policies*, Dept. P JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.

Schlitz

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Beer is barley-malt and hops---a food and a tonic. Just a touch of alcohol in it.

Not a beverage known to man is more healthful, if the beer is right.

'Tis the national beverage, from childhood up, with the sturdiest peoples of the earth.

To the weak, it's essential; to the strong it is good.

BUT—the beer must be pure.

Impurity means germs, and germs multiply rapidly in any saccharine product like beer.

And the beer must be old.

Age means perfect fermentation. Without it, beer ferments on the stomach, causing biliousness.

Schlitz beer is brewed in absolute cleanliness.

It is cooled in a plate glass room, in filtered air.

Then it is filtered; then aged for months in refrigerating rooms. After it is bottled and sealed every bottle is sterilized.

Not a germ can exist in it.

These costly precautions have made Schlitz the standard for purity wherever beer is known.

You can get it just as well as common beer if you ask for it.

Ask for the Brewery Bottling.

STATE OCCASION POETRY.

When the poet comes out to rehearse
His bit of perfunctory verse
In tones very sad,
People say: "This is bad;
And the others are probably worse."
—*Washington Star.*

UNREASONABLE.

"John," she said, solicitously, "I wish you would quit drinking. You know it is nothing but slow poison."

"There you are, Mirandy!" he retorted. "The minute a man takes out life insurance you women folks get unreasonable!"—*Baltimore News.*

NOT ON YOUR LIFE.

SMITH.—Would you advise me to take out a policy with this new insurance company?

BROWN.—Not on your life, old man.

SMITH.—Why not?

BROWN.—They give nothing but accident policies.—*The Moon.*

THE magazine editors are persistent in telling us that "poetry is a drug on the market." And the most of us are too healthy ever to have need of drugs. —*Atlanta Constitution.*

HE.—A scientist claims that war is necessary to keep the people thinned down.

SHE.—Why is it, then, that we have so many fat Generals?—*Yonkers Statesman.*

EVANS ALE

Meets the requirements of the critical American taste for a "dryer" ale, in the fullest degree.

To make it so has been the unceasing effort of the Evans Brewery for the past 116 years.

Seaside or Mountain Top

For the after-bath chill, or the night air shiver at Seaside or Mountain Top,

Or for the weariness from the mid-day heat at all Summer Resorts, physicians prescribe a stimulant. The purest and best is needed, viz:

Hunter Baltimore Rye

Sold at all first class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

A SLIDING SCALE.

LONE ARRIVAL *(at summer resort).*—What are your terms here?

HOTEL CLERK.—H'm! You will have to wait until the through express gets in. If it is loaded our terms will be ten dollars a day. If it is empty we will pay you twenty-five cents an hour to sit on the porch and look happy.—*New York Weekly.*

"A DEAF-MUTE has a big advantage over an ordinary man."

"What is that?"

"He has all his information at his fingers' end."—*Indianapolis News.*

USE ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. Your feet feel swollen, nervous and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet, and makes walking easy. Cures swollen, sweating feet, ingrowing nails, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it *to-day.* Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

2000 Revolutions a Minute!

FAN $1.50

Measurement 10 inches.

Throws air equal to any $15 electric fan.

RUNS BY WATER

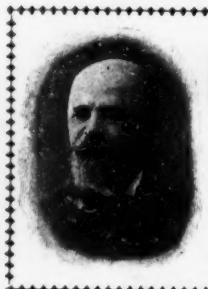
Requires but 10 lbs. Water Pressure.

Can be connected in any room or to any spigot.

Fed by 1/16 inch Hole

Descriptive Circular free on request. AGENTS WANTED.

DELAWARE RUBBER CO., 631 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.



CHEW

BEEMAN'S

The Original

Pepsin Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.

ALL OTHERS ARE IMITATIONS.

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS,

PAPER WAREHOUSE,

32, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street. BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street. } NEW YORK.

All kinds of Paper made to order.

THE BEST HE COULD DO.

ROONEY.—So Sweeney said he 'd help the "union" all he could?

CLOONEY.—Yes; he said he 'd take a job so as to go out with the other fellers.

Digestion's greatest aid—Abbott's—the Original Angostura Bitters. A "nip" before and after every meal gives appetite and helps digestion.—Abbott's.

every man who plays golf—

rides a bicycle, plays tennis, baseball or enters into any of the out-door sports, will find an

O-P-C suspensory

of much importance in making his pleasure complete—his game the best—because it will enable him to play longer and with greater vigor, at a much less expense of energy.

We authorize every druggist to refund your money if you are not satisfied.

Get the Right Brand. Should you be unable to get O-P-C from your druggist, we will supply you, postpaid, upon receipt of price.

No. 2 O-P-C lisle sack, elastic bands, $1.00
No. 3 O-P-C silk sack, elastic bands, 1.50

"The Struggle for Supremacy"

A booklet giving the reasons why, under the rush and grind of modern life, every healthy, normal man should wear an O-P-C Suspensory. IT'S FREE—write for it.

BAUER & BLACK, 268-25th St., Chicago, U.S.A.

Manufacturers of Frost King and Frost Queen Chamois Vests, Rex Porous Plasters Blue-Jay Corn and Bunion Plasters.

TWENTIETH CENTURY LIMITED—20 HOUR TRAIN TO CHICAGO. New York Central and Lake Shore.

The good appearance of man or woman implies a smooth, clear skin. The desired look of immaculate freshness results from using

Woodbury's Facial Soap

A skin soap. Frees the pores from impurities, preserves the velvety texture, makes the complexion smooth, firm, white. Mild, healing, antiseptic. At all dealers. 25 cents.

Trial size package of Woodbury's Facial Soap and Facial Cream for 5 cents to pay postage.

The Andrew Jergens Co., Sole Agts., Dept. 56 Cincinnati, O.

OPIUM and **Liquor Habit Cured** without inconvenience or detention from business. Write **THE DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. I. 1. Lebanon, Ohio.**

LUCID.

"Uncle William, are you troubled about the hereafter?"

"No, suh! It 's de wharfo' er de herein what keeps me guessin'."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

BILL.—What do you suppose will come after the automobile?

JILL.—Well, if you ever try to buy one on time it will probably be the Sheriff.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

IF you should have occasion to scream for help, could you make yourself heard any considerable distance? The writer of this had a nightmare recently and screamed for help, and a boy sleeping in the next room did not hear him.—*Atchison Globe.*

COOK'S Imperial EXTRA DRY

Represents the highest quality that it is possible to maintain. Do not confound it with other dry wines. It stands alone. No foreign make is its superior. Taste delightful. Bouquet exquisite. Try it, you will be pleased.

SOME men march to hell to the time of heavenly tunes.—*Ram's Horn.*

"Standard of Highest Merit"

FISCHER PIANOS.

"The embodiment of tone and art."

164 FIFTH AVENUE,

Between 21st and 22nd Streets, New York.

A GENTLE BLOW.

"Remember, my dear brethren," said the minister, "that charity covereth a multitude of sins. I hope you 'll be unusually generous in your offering this morning."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"PAW," said little Willy, "is they such a thing as a 'cradle o' the deep?'"

"Certainly, son," replied Paw. "There 's got to be something to stop the squalls at sea."—*Baltimore News.*

"UNCLE, do you believe in signs?"

"Sometimes, my boy. Why do you ask?"

"'Cause Mamma said that big ears was a sign of generosity, but you did n't give me anything for my birthday."—*Exchange.*

DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS

1824 A. D.

The World's Best Tonic Imported from Trinidad B.W.I.

22 GOLD MEDALS

LONDON	1862	LONDON	1886
PHILADELPHIA	1876	BUFFALO	1901
VIENNA	1873	PARIS	1867, 1878, 1900
CHICAGO	1893		

The Only Genuine

Unrivaled appetizing tonic and stomach corrective, recommended by physicians. Lends the aromatic fragrance of the tropics to your liquor, and strengthens the jaded stomach. Beware of cheap domestic substitutes and imitations. The genuine is made only by **Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.**

J. W. WUPPERMANN, Sole Agent, New York, N. Y.

LITTLE DOING.

EMPLOYER.—I shall expect you to earn your salary, remember!

NEW OFFICE-BOY.—Oh! If *dat* 's all you expect me to earn de job 'll be a cinch!

SINGLE TUBE

HARTFORD "O" TIRE No. 80 — *You Pay And Take* — It's either a **Hartford Single Tube**

DUNLOP DETACHABLE — *Your Money Your Choice* — or a **Dunlop Double Tube**

The uniform quality and excellence of construction of **HARTFORD** (SINGLE TUBE) **DUNLOP** (DETACHABLE) and **HARTFORD TIRES** (SOLID RUBBER) have made them the most reliable and successful tires of their respective types

We have in stock and will supply the proper size and proper weight tire for every kind of wheel, and will send you free expert advice regarding the tires best adapted to your especial needs

THE HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS COMPANY
HARTFORD, CONN.

PERFECTION.

"Do you think perfection is ever actually attained in this life?" asked the serious youth.

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "some people become perfect bores."—*Washington Star.*

FOR MEN OF BRAINS

Cortez CIGARS

—MADE AT KEY WEST—

These Cigars are manufactured under the most favorable climatic conditions and from the mildest blends of Havana tobacco. If we had to pay the imported cigar tax our brands would cost double the money. Send for booklet and particulars.

CORTEZ CIGAR CO., KEY WEST.

"WERE there only two pigs in Noah's Ark?" asked one commuter of another on their way to New York

"Only two, I believe."

"How many seats do you suppose they occupied?"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

COLORADO AND RETURN $25

First-class Round-Trip Tickets Chicago to Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo on sale July 1 to 13, August 1 to 14 August 23 and 24 and August 30 to September 10; $31.50 on other dates; good for return until October 31; correspondingly low rates from other points; favorable stop over arrangements. Only two nights en route New York to Denver, one night from Chicago by the

"COLORADO SPECIAL."

The best of everything.

ALL AGENTS SELL TICKETS VIA

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN AND UNION PACIFIC RAILWAYS.

AMERICA'S BEST

The great and growing Northwest is the centre of interest for farmers, miners, investors, manufacturers, tourists, etc.

Its wonderful riches, attractive climate and vast possibilities are rapidly building up a large population, great cities, an immense agricultural and mercantile business.

The Great Northern Railway operates a perfectly built, modern line of railroad through the heart of this attractive country.

Ask any agent for information, or write

F. I. WHITNEY, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Ag't, St. Paul, Minn.

Shine on! It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 295 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Bar Keeper's Friend

I.

II.

III.

IV.

V.

VI.

VII.

VIII.

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. N.Y.

LOST BY A NECK.